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WEARY!

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

I am weary—very weary—
Weary in the light of day;
Weary while God's golden sunshine
Clasps me in its living ray.
While the blue is vast above me,
And the grass green at my feet,
While a thousand forms of beauty
Wheresoe'er I turn I meet.

I am weary—very weary;
Not because my labor fails;
Not because Hope's beacon star-light
In my life's horizon pales;
Not because my life's ambition
Lags behind its end and aim;
Not because my love's fruition
In its raptures groweth tame.

Yet weary, weary still—
Weary with pleasure,
Weary with trouble,
Weary with leisure.

I am weary—very weary—
Weary of the ill-spent hours;
Of the gilded lies which folly
Crowns with laurels, decks with flowers;
Good intentions felt—but broken;
Firm resolves—as weak as reeds;
Great achievements planned with labor,
Ever failing in the deeds.

I am weary—very weary,
Of the sorrow that I see;
Of the untold wretchedness,
Of the speechless misery.
Of the grief I cannot comfort,
Of the want I cannot aid,
Of the tearless eyes up-looking,
Which my helplessness upbraid.

 Weary at heart,
 Weary in spirit;
 Sad, vain and aimless
 The life we inherit.

I am weary—very weary,
For I feel how little worth—
Worse than vain the petty battles
That we fight upon the earth:
Thinking, planning, and contriving,
Bloodless lips and coward heart
Watch the fabric we have builded,
With consummate, cunning art.

(I am weary—very weary),
Lo! it topples to the ground;
What we have reared with so much cunning
See, its wreck is strewn around!
Crushed to ruins in a moment,
Only dust and ashes there,
So we battle, brains and muscle
Reaping shadows, hoarding care.

I am weary—very weary—
How the daily labor palls;
Hopeless as the Dearth which, Sun-born,
Dew-less on the parched earth falls.
Dull routine which never varies,
Save as night parts day from day,
Which like water, dropping, dropping,
Deadens as it wears away.

I am weary—very weary.
Why this craving at my heart?
Why this ever restless yearning?
Why that shudder and that start?

Is the shadow coming o'er me.
Is the change about to pass?
And my life exhale like vapors,
Or the breath upon the glass?

I am weary—very weary.
Day by day creeps on apace;
That which frosts our raven tresses
Leaves no wrinkles on Time's face.
No! the fight is too unequal—
Immortality 'gainst dust;
Stained our hearts by the rude conflict:
Water brightest steel will rust.

I am weary—very weary,
And would lay the burden down;
I have fought the fight, and tired,
Will not raise the gauntlet thrown.
Unsubdued in will, but wearied—
All my being craves for peace,
For that rest whence sleepers waken,
Where all earthly troubles cease.

ENGLISH OPERA—FRENCH THEATRE.

We are unable to notice the production of Balfe's opera, "The Rose of Castile," as it was produced on Wednesday evening and we go to press Thursday evening. We will notice it in our next. It is to be performed alternately with the "Doctor of Alcantara."

NEW MUSIC STORE IN GENEVA, N. Y.—Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, who has partially recovered from a long illness, which compelled him to abstain from business for many months, has just opened a splendid store in Geneva, New York State. The *Geneva Gazette* gives the following account of the opening occasion:

Mr. Ellis held a reception at his music rooms in Linden Block, on Monday evening, when a large number of our citizens, amateurs and lovers of music, responded to the cards of invitation. The entertainment was most pleasing and satisfactory. Mr. Miles, the unrivalled harpist, was present, and executed in fine style several compositions on his favorite instrument. The young and accomplished daughter of Mr. Ellis sang a number of songs, alternately with piano and harp accompaniments, in a manner that elicited heart-felt applause. Besides these, several amateurs were called out in song—Miss S., Miss K., Mr. V., and an impromptu quartette, the initials of whom shall be nameless. Mrs. Dr. C. performed on the piano with a correctness, rapidity and brilliancy of touch that proved her a perfect mistress of that instrument.

During the evening Mr. Miles was formally presented with a splendid violin, as a token of appreciation of his worth as a musician and gentlemen, from Mr. Ellis. The veteran Gen. Patrick made the presentation speech in a few feeling and fitting words, to which Mr. Miles as appropriately responded. The violin is perhaps the best one in Western New York—held by Mr. Ellis above price, except that of esteem for his friend the donee.

Mr. Ellis has fitted up a suit of rooms in Linden Block in elegant style, Brussels carpets, mahogany furniture, &c.—the walls ornamented with beautiful paintings, and in the evening the rooms brilliantly lighted by chandeliers. His design is to make these apartments the headquarters of our music-loving people, and to secure a social re-union at least once a week of amateurs, for recreative practice. We trust

the design will be cordially responded to; and further, that Mr. Ellis may meet with a patronage deserving his liberality and public spirit.

Mr. Ellis is a pushing and enterprising business man, and will doubtless cause a musical revival in the beautiful little town of Geneva and its vicinity.

FAREWELL ENTERTAINMENT OF STEPHEN C. MASSETT (COL. JEEMES PIPES).—Mr. Stephen C. Massett, so universally known in this country, is about to leave for England, to fulfill a brilliant engagement offered him, to deliver his celebrated varied entertainment through that country. His friends in New York have tendered him a farewell compliment, appointing to meet him at Dodworth Hall, 806 Broadway, in full force on Monday evening next, June 18th. The Hall will surely be crowded to overflowing, for Jeemes Pipes has a host of friends and ardent admirers, and, apart from friendship, his varied talents should always be magnetic in their attraction.

There are very few who have essayed the difficult entertainment of the Monologue, who could bring such varied and admirable powers to the task. He has a fine voice, a marked gift of imitation, earnestness of passion, tenderness of sentiment, and a vein of humor which is irresistibly rich and racy. He has a fine well controlled voice, and his ballad singing is one of the principal charms of his entertainment. With such advantages in his favor, it is not singular that he should be so great a popular favorite.

The programme which he has issued is admirably contrasted and highly interesting. Among the crowded audience assembled there will be many tears shed for poetic woe so eloquently uttered; but laughter, hearty and involuntary, will quickly banish them, and the charm of song will harmonize all feelings into one of genuine and intense pleasure. We hope to see all the friends of our friend Stephen C. Massett rally around him on Monday night next, so that his last memory of New York may be a happy one.

CONCERTS.

CONCERTS FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. RULLMAN.

We are happy to say, that the concerts given at Irving Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening, were very brilliantly attended. The volunteers on this occasion comprised nearly all the principal artists of the operatic companies of Maretzek, Grau, and Grover, presenting an array of vocal talent superior to any ever brought together at one time in this country. There were fifteen or sixteen artists, besides the orchestra and chorus, and the conductors, Maretzek, Bergmann, Abella, and Sarti. There were fewer disappointments than is usual at volunteer concerts, the place of Mme. D'Angri being ably supplied by Signor Bellini.

All the artists at the Matinee were very cordially received by the public, and the encores were numerous and unanimous. Miss Kellogg's appearance was the signal for the most enthusiastic reception we have seen accorded to any artist for many years, and it was gratifying to